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POEMS ON THE MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

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The Slogan of Clarke Wallace

“I'LL NEVER BE A SLAVE!”

Being the Protest of the Honorable (N.) Clarke Wallace, supposed to have been spoken by him to the Honorable Sir McKenzie Bowell, Prime Minister of Canada, on the 11th day of December, 1895, in the Parliament buildings at Ottawa, immediately before he tendered his resignation from the Bowell Ministry on account of his opposition to the forcing of Roman Catholic Separate Schools on the Province of Manitoba by the Cabinet of Sir McKenzie Bowell and the Parliament of Canada, at the request of Bishop Langerin and other Roman Catholics, against the will of the Legislature and People of that Province, which, before the Judicial Committee in England, had established its legal right to abolish Roman Catholic Separate Schools.

By D. H. WATT.

1

ONCE more again shall I be told
That we must be the tools
Of Langevin (*Lang-zhe-vang*), a Bishop bold,
Who calls for Cath'lic schools.
And is his plot by you endorsed
With foresight and with skill,
On Manitoba to be forced
Against her people's will ?

2

Do you behold these Frankish ranks,
With all their zeal and zest,
Would build on the Saint Lawrence banks
And still extend it west,
A nation of their race and creed,
That looks alone to Rome,
And lightly love the Lamps that lead
Our Motherland at home ?

3

Behold, this Bishop has decreed
 Within this plot to trace
 A nation of another creed
 There to supplant thy race,
 Will you discard, at the last niche,
 Thou leader of our State,
 That blood-bought pure Religion which
 Makes Old Britannia great.

4

Or shall you, as an Orangeman,
 With me oppose him now,
 Or shall you aid him in his Plan
 Beneath the Bishop's bow?
 Have you now weighed the debt indeed
 You owe an orange nurse,
 The Lodges lent you power to lead,
 So you return a curse.

5

And from their fold have you now strayed,
 Become a godless Goat,
 That hopes through schools and other aid
 To bribe the Cath'lic vote,
 In the elections which will come
 At some no distant hour,
 When Bishops with a Roman drum
 Will then renew thy power.

6

Is this the price now to be paid
 That you these schools shall give,
 And then as Premier still arrayed
 For five more years shall live
 At Ottawa, where power unsung
 Our statesmen now abuse,
 And yet are praised with lavish tongue
 By Birmingham and Hughes.

7

But, hark! I hear the Roman drum,
And loud their trump does blow;
Will you, then, shout, when that they come
To that bold Bishop, No?
Or will you follow Roman rules,
Give what they call redress,
And grant them Roman Cath'lic schools?
Your silence—sounds like Yes?

8

So Sep'rate Schools this Bishop's hand
Shall through your Cab'net force
On Manitoba's maiden land.
What now shall be my course?
Shall I remain? In it be dumb?
From me shall manhood fly?
The Bishop beats a warlike drum;
I'll raise my battle-cry.

9

The Slogan still of Wallace is:
"I'll never be a slave;"
My loyal heart was never his,
I'll never be a knave.
No Popish power or princely post
Shall sway my loyal heart;
My principles shall be my boast;
From them I'll ne'er depart.

10

The Bishop has begun the war
'Gainst Maditoba's right.
I too shall mount a flaming car
And meet him in the fight;
And if I fall, I'll not regret,
My eyes shall face the foe;
My humble heart shall not forget
The duties which I owe.

11

Myself, the Empire, and that Lord
 Who reigns *on* earth and sky,
 If Bishops will provoke the sword,
 I'll raise my battle-cry.
 To arms ! To arms ! ye Orange men,
 And all who love our State ;
 Your freedom is in danger when
 A Bishop guards the gate !

12

You bid me follow him who leads
 Until the race be run,
 And finish up the daring deeds
 The Bishop has begun.
 I'll not obey the Bishop's brow
 Though he may be divine ;
 I'll break no principle or vow—
 I rather would resign.

13

In office I have served you well,
 Perhaps too long a time,
 If you your Principles will sell
 Or perpetrate a crime,
 When you enslave the Saxon race,
 Or to these Bishops cower,
 That you may hold your lofty place
 And thus abuse thy power.

14

So here's my Resignation, Sir.
 I shall no longer stay ;
 My principles I shall bestir,
 Get ready for the fray.
 I love the Orange Rules and Laws,
 Their precepts I pursue ;
 And to my faith and country's cause
 My conscience shall be true.

15

For what is right should be the rule
In this Canadian land;
No statesman now should be the tool
In this bold Bishop's hand,
To bring in laws that will enslave
The people as a horde,
Or rouse their ire, to make them brave
To clutch a patriot's sword.

16

You may want peace, you may be proud,
Indeed, you may be great—
The only man with gifts endowed
To rule this noble State.
You may be strong and need no aid
From Roman Cath'lic rules;
And yet on Manitoba's maid
You'd force these Sep'rate Schools,

17

To grant these schools I'll ne'er consent,
Be bribed by office spoils;
From what is right I'll ne'er be rent
Or woven in the toils
Of waifs who still in office wait
To play the part of knave,
Though Roman Bishops rule the State
I will not be a slave.

18

From Ottawa I'll quickly bound,
Free from the galling chain
That Roman Bishops weave around
The statesmen that remain,
Once more, again I cry aloud,
Let Protestants be brave,
For Queen and Country now be proud,
But never be a siave.

19

Good-bye, old friend, the office fruit
May charm your cheerful mind ;
You may soon change your Orange suit—
The Bishops' hands are kind.
They'll lead you on as they've begun
So long as you obey ;
But when you have their work well done
They'll vote for Laurier (*Lau-ri-ay*).

20

'Tis sweet to sway the stately powers
And live in princely place ;
And statesmen in official bowers
Might grandest glory trace.
If Truth and Justice led their ken,
Or fired them to be brave,
No tongue need raise the Slogan then,—
I'll never be a slave.



The Manitoba Plum ;

OR,

THE BIDDING OF THE BISHOPS.

Being the Reply supposed to have been spoken by the Honorable Sir McKenzie Bowell to the Honorable N. Clarke Wallace immediately after the latter had tendered his Resignation, in the Parliament House at Ottawa,

1

O your rousing Resignation, Sir,
Is a thing now of the past ;
I regret you frowned on Frenchmen,
But they're glad you've gone at last.
So to soar like yourself I'll boldly mount
On an Orange Lily wing ;
And unmask the mystic reason
Why with Langevin I sing.

CHORUS.

At the bidding of the Bishop here,
We eat all fruits that come,
But I think he's bound to burst me
With this Manitoba Plum.

2

So I sing I am in office now,
From Hastings here I came,
There among its loyal lodges
I unearthed such Orange fame,
That they soon sent myself to Parliament,
And made me a raw recruit
In a Royal Roman Reg'ment
Where they eat forbidden fruit.

Chorus.

3

But though oft I eat this foreign fruit,
 I still feel its vile effect ;
 And I wonder if the Saxon
 Will at last by it be wrecked,
 For to Rome we so often sell our rights
 For the fruits which Bishops bring,
 That I dreamt we lost our Freedom,
 When with Bishops we would sing—

Chorus.

4

In the west our trend the Bishop sees
 So he plots at any cost
 To restrain the onward Saxon,
 And regain what Frenchmen lost.
 Where the sword has oft failed the Church succeeds
 Through the fruits that Bishops bring
 To debase the onward Saxon,
 And make him a slave to sing :

Chorus.

5

For this Plum now cries, if a Plum can speak,
 “ To your swords from sea to sea ! ”
 And demands from each Canadian :
 “ Shall our Provinces be free ? ”
 To repeal or to pass such rightful laws
 As fair truth and honor bring,
 Or be ruled by Roman Bishops
 That would teach your tongue to sing :

Chorus.

6

For the Bishop seeks for Sep'rate Schools
 With his Jesuitical skill,
 To be forced on Manitoba,
 There against her people's will,
 By our Orange-green gods in Parliament,
 Where the Bishop rules as king,
 Like a Daring, Dreaming Despot,
 Bids me and my Cabinet sing.

Chorus.

7

For he dreams if he can teach the youth
In his Roman Cath'lic School
To abhor the British Bulwarks
His own race may rise to rule.
So by luring the Saxon from his guard,
By the fruits the Bishops bring,
They now slowly slay the Saxon
Through our statesmen who now sing:

Chorus.

8

Hence this wide-expanding Plum now springs
From an old Franconian scheme,
To erect a Frankish nation,
And to realize their dream
In the Province of Manitoba, that
Has defied this Roman ring,
And now boldly curbs this Bishop
That would teach her tongue to sing.

Chorus.

9

But that State, like Rome in her ancient days,
Ne'er relies on foreign fools;
For through sires in Council sitting
She abolished Sep'rate Schools;
But in court, like wild wolves the Bishops fought
Back again these schools to bring;
But in triumph still she's boasting,
Manitoba shall never sing:

Chorus.

10

But the Maid that checks a Bishop's cheek,
And declines fair foreign fools,
But accepts her sires in counsel
As the only power that rules,
Must be true to the trend of Sacred Truth
And the race from which we spring,
Well deserves the praise of angels,
Not the stuff which statesmen sing.

Chorus.

11

But the Bishops, beaten at Winnipeg,
 Are not left without resource,
 They will live through Ottawa's larder,
 Whose lambs fear their fiendish force ;
 For the souls of the voters they hold in their hand
 Like a stone in David's sling,
 And though I'm great as Goliath,
 I must either die or sing :

Chorus.

12

For this House is not like Winnipeg's,
 Where strong Saxon sires now lead,
 But the souls of Ottawa statesmen
 Are imbued with another creed,
 For the tramp of old Rome in her darkest days
 Is the tread of all this Ring,
 Who here win a hell or a heaven
 Just according as they sing :

Chorus.

13

For we know when here a Bishop blows
 Men behold his god-like power,
 For at will he moulds with greatest ease
 A good statesman in an hour.
 For he'll place him upon the polling-booth,
 A big storm before him bring,
 And a statesman with no talent
 Will at once be taught to sing :

Chorus.

14

And it matters not if men are made
 By Dame Nature moss uncouth,
 Like angels bright they'll warble
 When they're placed on a polling-booth ;
 And 'tis better still if they have no brains,
 And if green the fruit they bring ;
 Then the Bishop's tongue will whisper
 "Boobies make the best birds to sing :

Chorus.

15

Here the greater minds will find no fame,
For the Bishops them despise,
And the men of noblest talents
In this House can never rise;
When the State and the Church do here combine
Through the bribes that the Bishops bring,
They destroy the moral standing
Of all statesmen who here sing:

Chorus.

16

Here the purest principles must bend;
Let our politicians read,
That unnatural combinations
Give the wicked power to lead,
From the tread of the traitors' truckling tramp;
An Italian curse shall spring,
When the loyal "Onward Saxon"
Hears McKenzie Bowell sing:

Chorus.

17

Shall this curse now come, and something sighs,
Do not grant these Separate Schools;
To exalt a Roman Bishop
O'er the Saxon who now rules;
Then on right and on left I see a storm,
To our office we would cling,
But we hear the Bishop growling—
"You must either quit or sing:"

Chorus.

18

For the Bishops, beaten in the Courts,
To my Cab'net at last retreat,
And demand with adulation
These same Schools or my defeat.
And in Parliament they now hold the key
Which unlocks the Roman Ring,
When we hear the Bishop growling,
Then the Roman soldiers sing:

Chorus.

19

When the Bishop growled wild whirlpools rose
 Close before my ship of state,
 And I heard the deadly thunders roar,
 So I cried, " Bold Bishop, wait !
 And now hold thy brave breath, and to that pool
 My frail bark no nearer bring ;
 I'm an Orange Anglo-Saxon,
 And for Rome I dare not sing : "

Chorus.

20

But disunion seized my Cab'net crew,
 So in warring groups they form ;
 And then blacker grew the billows,
 And still higher howled the storm,
 For upon me nev't came the Orange call,
 Far above the Roman ring ;
 Yet this smiling, smooth-tongued Bishop
 Cried out, " Captain Bowell, sing : "

Chorus.

21

First among the warring, growling groups,
 Both Caron and Ouimet left,
 With my noble friend, great Angers,
 Who is from my Cab'net cleft.
 And they howled that they would the hierarchy
 Down upon my Cab'net bring,
 And would break McKenzie Bowell,
 Who had then refused to sing :

Chorus.

22

O'erwhelmed in this dilemma, sir,
 I did then the past review,
 And I saw the Orange Order
 Did demand that I be true ;
 But for fear " the Old Flag " might soon be soiled
 If a Frenchmen led the Ring,
 I then promised these deserters
 That I would consent to sing :

Chorus.

23

But at my delay the Bishops fumed ;
 " The Old Flag " was in a fix,
So I promised legislation,
 But not till Ninety-six.
Then at once the two great deserting Chiefs
 Came back here on a Bishop's wing,
And with merry-making music
 Here again we all did sing :

Chorus.

24

Then a blissful breeze did surge our sail,
 Though some sullen sounds did growl,
Till we neared the close of Ninety-
 Five, when Orange winds did howl,
 " Let no false legislation come to aid
 This Franconian Cath'lic Ring,
Which would force that Manitoba Maid
 With a Bishop there to sing :

Chorus.

25

Here again the Bishop blows his breath ;
 I see two whirling pools,
And above the Roman one is writ :
 " Bowell's Death or Sep'rate Schools."
But my office I love, and I would live,
 If new power to me they bring,
As an Orange Anglo-Saxon
 With the Bishops I will sing :

Chorus.

26

But brave Wallace now deserts his chief,
 So regardless of my fate,
As to fight for Manitoba,
 And against our ship of state,
And against this great Remedial law
 Which I promised I would bring,
And against this blissful Bishop
 That would teach his tongue to sing.

Chorus.

27

And above the Wallace Slogan rings
 That loud, mighty man in law,
 Whose devouring declamation
 Overpowers my heart with awe.
 For the moment I hear McCarthy speak
 My own death-knell seems to ring
 Through his scathing scorching censure
 Of those Protestants who sing.

Chorus.

28

Here amid this howling blizzard blast
 Of men of many views,
 "The Old Flag" still finds a Champion
 In a Birmingham or Hughes,
 Who now bids me unfold to Orange men,
 On a pure poetic wing,
 The other loves that lead me
 With this Langevin to sing.

Chorus.

29

So I'll tell the Orange Brotherhood,
 That I hate the power of pelf,
 But I boast I served the Order
 Ev'ry time I helped myself;
 For I never forgot my Orange Friends,
 But rich gifts I would them bring,
 Though I sacrificed my conscience
 When with Bishops I would sing.

Chorus.

30

High above the Bishops' houndish howl
 Shall I feel the Orange frown,
 And in dark and deep disaster
 Shall my gallant bark go down?
 Or now like that Caron and Ouimet bold,
 Shall brave Orangemen me bring,
 All the aid of all the Order,
 While with Langevin I sing?

Chorus.

31

Let the Orangemen of Canada
Now, before the Order drifts,
Think of all the thousand favors,
And the great unnumbered gifts,
Which my hand to the Orange brotherhood
By its faithfulness did bring;
Though I sacrificed my freedom,
When with Bishops I did sing.

Chorus.

32

For when first I went to Ottawa,
I at once began to think,
That if there I would be useful,
I must with the Bishops wink,
And then quick all the Roman Hierarchy,
Did fair favors fondly bring;
And it pays poor politicians
With the Bishops there to sing.

Chorus.

33

In this Parli'ment of Canada,
I have risen to be great,
By the aid of Orange lodges,
And the cruel hand of fate.
That from earth bore away John Thompson's flame,
Whose great success in truth did spring
From the use he made of these Bishops,
So for Langevin I'll sing.

Chorus.

34

He now asks me as Prime Minister,
Here to pass remedial law,
To degrade the noble Greenway,
Whose brave heart ne'er bends in awe.
But the Saxons shall see that my tread is true,
And although a craven thing,
I request their admiration
While with Langevin I sing.

Chorus.

35

So I tell the Orange Order now,
 That no one need be afraid,
 That this promised legislation
 Will bring Roman Cath'lics aid,
 For the promised Remedial Order will
 To themselves no succor bring,
 I'll outwit the Roman Bishop,
 When with Langevin I sing.

Chorus.

36

Hence I ask my Orange brethren here,
 All the Loyal and the True,
 With McCarthy and Clarke Wallace
 They have nothing more to do.
 But come rally around that standard now,
 That to you does favors bring.
 In their place I'll keep the Catholics,
 While with Bishops I do sing.

Chorus.

37

But unless the Orange brotherhood
 Shall assist my broken barge,
 I'll be forced to quit the vessel,
 And let Laurier take charge,
 With McShane and young Stubbs, two grumbling
 Grits,
 Who will join the Romish ring,
 And will think that they are favored
 When, with Bishops they can sing.

Chorus.

38

Then the boodling business all will stop,
 For he'll strictly guide the State,
 And you need not look for boodle,
 When Tarte guards the golden gate.

For he hates all the Orange Order here;
And at thieves will take his fling;
And with Manitoba Martin,
For the Bishop he will sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here
We eat all fruits that come;
But we've bursted Brother Bowell
With the Manitoba Plum.

39

And that Greenway who does now oppose,
Will then turn to Roman rules,
And in lordly Manitoba
Will erect new Sep'rate Schools.
Then to aid his Grit friends at Ottawa;
He will court the Roman ring,
And will sweep along in splendor,
When I am forced to sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here
We eat all fruits that come,
But we've bursted Brother Bowell
With this Manitoba Plum.

40

At my singing you may now feel sore,
And be driven to your wits,
But the Manitoba Bishop
Will get far more from the Grits,
Than what through this legislation now
I would then to Cathlies bring,
For I do not love their tactics,
Though I now with the Bishop sing.

Chorus—At the bidding of the Bishops here
We eat all fruits that come,
But I think they're bound to burst me
With this Manitoba Plum.

The Slogan of McCarthy ;

“ CANADIANS SHALL BE FREE ! ”

Being Dalton McCarthy's supposed Address to Canadians and Appeal to Manitoba, on the eve of her impending elections, now brought on by the Greenway Government, to test the present feeling of the people of Manitoba on the School question.

1

CANADIAN hills ! Canadian rills !
 Where my young mem'ries dwell,
 To belted Knight or Bishop wight
 Thy freedom never sell ;
 Though this I crave, my heart is brave,
 But yet I dread the Ring,
 Which Rome now binds on youthful minds,
 So for the slave I'll sing.

CHORUS.

The slogan of McCarthy
 Rings loud from sea to sea—
 The slogan of McCarthy is :
 “ Canadians shall be free ! ”

2

Free in those lands where toiling hands
 Are warring in the west,
 'Gainst Egypt's asp, the Bishop's grasp,
 Which on their throat is pressed ;
 Without fierce pain shall it remain
 Along the trend of time,
 Or shall at last, when all is past,
 His grip become a crime ?

Chorus.

3

His earthly end is not the trend
 That Protestants pursue ;
 But through his school he wants to rule
 The Anglo-Saxon too.
 For as a dove he does not love
 Old Luther's sacred lot,
 And to o'ercome the Orange drum
 From age to age doth plot.

Chorus.

4

And like a fox pursues good Knox,
 And Latimer the great,
 And some might burn if Rome return
 Again to rule the state.
 For what men preach they too shall teach
 And mould the young through time,
 To be a brood of all that's good,
 Or else a source of crime.

Chorus.

5

Let us contrast what lately passed
 In Rome's Italian land,
 Which Bishops wrecked till they were checked
 By Garibaldi's band.
 If Rome be good without base brood,
 Why did the bad prevail?
 Why did the priest with bishop feast
 While patriots wept in gaol ?

Chorus.

6

Let Romans read ; it's not their creed
 That Protestants detest ;
 They'll not besmirch the Roman church
 If Rome herself will rest.
 Rome might be good, without base brood,
 For crimes need not atone,
 If she would reap where sinners weep,
 And leave the State alone.

Chorus.

7

The Frankish race none would disgrace
If Rome herself would cease,
Then old and young of ev'ry tongue
Would live in perfect peace.
And all our youth could search for truth
In one wide common school;
But, lo! a storm the Bishops form—
Demand the right to rule.

Chorus.

8

Once more again along the plain,
Thou Manitoba, speak,
And let thine ire and battle fire
Around the Bishop reek.
Still let thy rule still guard thy school,
Gird on thy sacred sword,
And in the fight slay belted Knight,
And Langevin his Lord.

Chorus.

